

AMERICA WINS IN GREAT POLO BATTLE

Continued from first page.

put up quite as dashing and vigorous a game as ever.

The play was so fast, however, that when the men finally realized that the game was over, Harry Payne Whitney had to be assisted from his saddle, while the others dismounted stiffly and walked toward the clubhouse, tired to the point of exhaustion. It did not take long for them to recuperate, and when the cup, for possession of which the players had worked so hard, was presented to Captain Whitney, to be held in the keeping of the Polo Association until the next challenge, they began to show new signs of life, and took some interest in the congratulations showered upon them on all sides by their friends.

"Fairly Played," Ritson Says.

Mr. Whitney said he had never played in a harder, faster, fairer game, while Captain Ritson, when asked for his opinion, said he was too tired to talk, but that the struggle was fairly played and that some of the sting of defeat was lost in being beaten by such good, hard riding fellows.

The crowd was bigger than on Tuesday, when the American team won by a score of 5½ to 3; bigger by five thousand or more. Not that the stands were any fuller, but those who were not fortunate enough to get seats went down anyway, hundreds upon hundreds, by train or automobile, and packed themselves forty or fifty deep, on both ends of the field and along the sides to the north and south of the east stand. These could catch only glimpses of the great struggle, but they lacked not in enthusiasm, and joined in the wild acclaim which greeted the many brilliant and sensational strokes.

The game itself was full of action every minute. It was crash, crash, crash, and bang, bang, bang, with not a moment to take a long breath, except in the short rest between periods. Louis E. Stoddard, called on at the last minute, so to speak, covered himself with glory by his hard riding and accurate hitting, scoring, as he did, four of the five goals for his side. Devereux Milburn, too, worked deeds of valor, particularly in defensive play, and emphasized once more that he is the greatest back in the world. Harry Payne Whitney and Larry Waterbury were no whit behind their fellows, even though less conspicuous, although the latter was not hitting with his usual accuracy when it came to getting the range of the goal.

Players Equally Skilful.

The Englishmen suffered not one tiny bit in comparison with their opponents. They played quite as hard and quite as well as the Americans, and, as the score shows, made the same number of goals. There was far more bite and sting to their hitting and riding than in the game on Tuesday, and they deserve equal credit with the winners in everything that goes to make up the great polo players—skill, daring and courage.

Captain Lockett made two amazing saves of apparently certain goals by cutting off the ball, once when it was within three feet of the line, while some of his backhanded strokes were wonderful to see. F. M. Freake, who was substituted for Captain Noel Edwards at No. 2, played like one possessed, and appeared to strengthen the team in a way that counted.

Captain Ritson did everything that could be asked of one man, and more, while Captain Cheape was more sure in his hitting than in the first game, as shown by his scoring four of the five goals for his team. He missed two or three comparatively easy shots for a score that would have turned the tide, but both teams suffered in this way, as the Americans, too, failed on more than one occasion when a goal seemed sure.

Luck Was with Visitors.

Opinion differed as to the luck or the so-called breaks of the game. While both teams failed to take advantage of glowing opportunities, it appeared that the fickle goddess smiled less often on the Americans. Two well directed shots by players of the defending team actually hit the goal posts, and once, just to show how quickly the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, the ball, in hitting the post, bounded out into the field of play into the very hands, so to speak, of an Englishman, who was off down the field like a flash, with nobody within yards of him. He missed a stroke, however, after passing midfield, and one of the Americans headed off the ball, so that a ticklish situation was saved.

Scene a Wonder to the Eye.

Sunlight flooded the field, and the wide, magnificent stretch of perfect lawn set in the heart of the Hempstead Plains and swept by the salt tanged breezes from the ocean, a few miles away, made a battleground far different from Bunker Hill or Trenton.

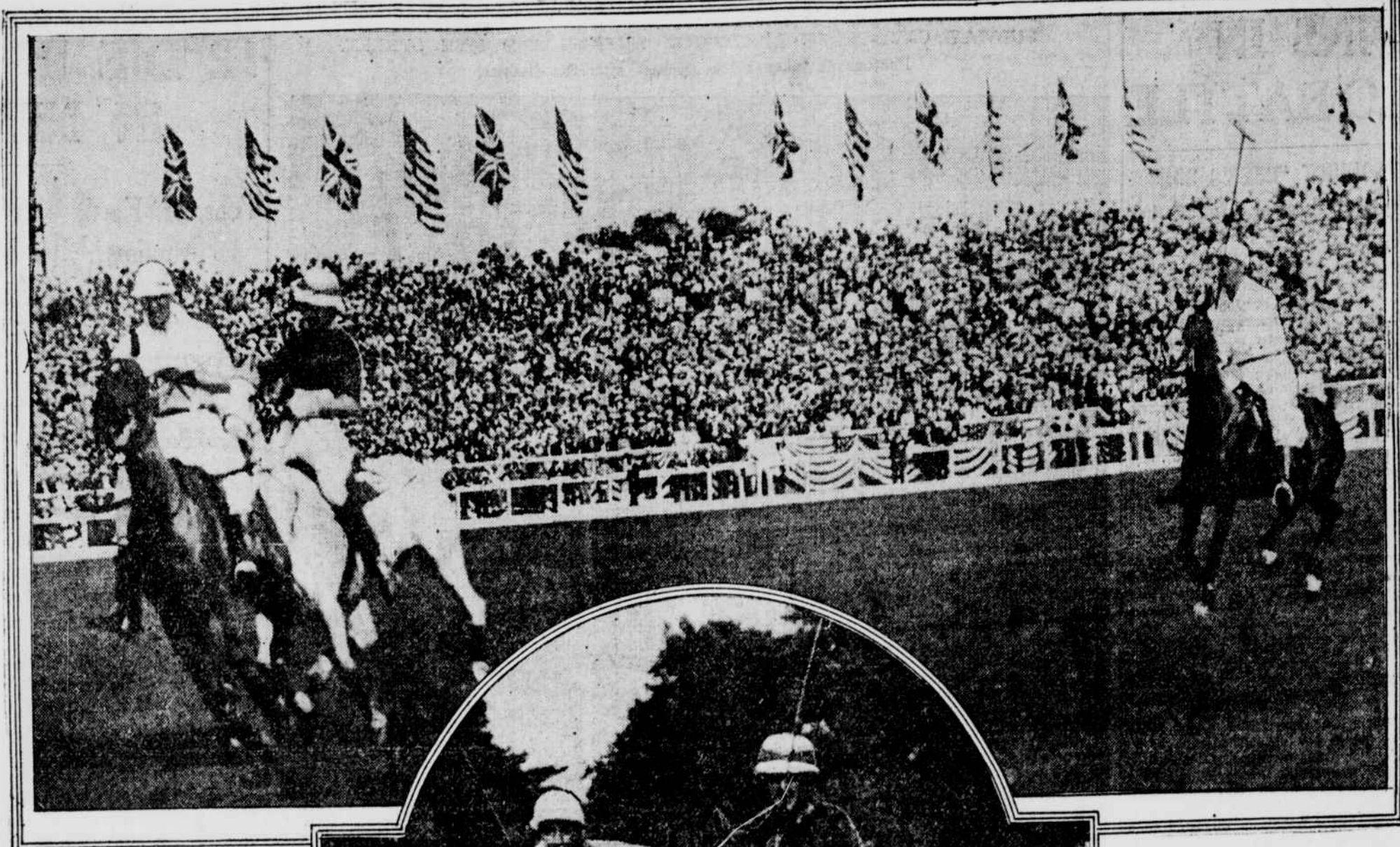
The startling greenness of the turf was set off by the sharp white sideboards that marked the limits of the playing surface. Many a time the little white ball went skimming out of bounds, but the ponies, galloping madly in pursuit, seemed never to stumble as they hurdled the low barrier and brought up short on the other side.

The spectators crammed the kaleidoscopic stands in kaleidoscopic brilliance. From a distance the multitudes banked on each side of the field seemed to pattern huge Oriental rugs shot with lavender, scarlet, blue, green and gold, all blended in a background of white.

Milliner and modiste contributed their masterpieces until the prismatic jumble of hats, gowns and parasols gave the appearance of confetti strewn by some magic Gargantuan hand. The English flag, alternating with the Stars and Stripes, fluttered from a hundred masts set at the topmost ridge of each stand. Such were the seats of the mighty.

At both ends of the enclosure clustered the hoi polloi, thousands of them

ONE OF THE MANY DASHING PLAYS THAT MARKED THE VICTORY OF THE AMERICAN TEAM AT POLO AT MEADOW BROOK YESTERDAY



L. E. STODDARD AND CAPTAIN RITSON CHARGING DOWN THE FIELD.

standing in serried ranks and craning their necks to get a glimpse of the match over the heads of the lucky few who came early and found a place at the rail. The stables at one end of the grounds made a coign of vantage for a hundred agile souls of acrobatic proclivities, all embryonic steeplejacks, who dangled in midair from the roofs.

At the southern end of the field, where the ponies, each with a private valet, rested uneasily while out of the struggle, gathered the horse lovers of critical eye and the motoring farmers of Hempstead, over whose lands the Meadow Brook hunters are wont to pursue the elusive fox in spring and fall.

An Acre of Automobiles.

To the west of the stands were parked the automobiles of the elect, who never allowed the dust to settle on the roads leading to the field. Like huge beetles the backs of limousines and touring cars glistened in the sunlight, row upon row of them covering an acre of ground. And well trained chauffeurs watched their purring wards, so near and yet so far from the great match that had drawn its thousands from the cream of social Washington, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore—reinforcements which rallied to the aid of New Yorkers who felt that even their numbers were not strong enough to endow the match with befitting grace and brilliance.

Waves of the maddest shouting rippled around the rectangle of humanity, now here, now there, as those near the ever moving white ball saw some clever shot which could not be discerned by the straining eye across the field. And then the whole mass would suddenly rise, hats gripped in hands, muscles taut, unconsciously moving forward as some player emerged from a mêlée, shot ahead of his rivals and, careening in his saddle, followed the ball in a spectacular ride toward the goal.

Cheer followed cheer as every well aimed drive sent the sphere whizzing half the length of the field, and groan succeeded groan when some stroke missed its mark. The ebb and flow of battle played on the human orchestra like a skilled musician, the diapason of murmurs and shouts telling the story of the struggle.

All Saddle Cloths Numbered.

To get back to the game, it must be told that the ponies of both teams paraded, as is the custom, half an hour before the match began and while the crowd was still pouring through the various entrances to find seats. The sun was blazing hot, but nobody seemed to care, although many a collar wilted and a few tempers were ruffled.

The parade over, the players came on the field for a warming up practice, and then, to the delight of those in the stands, it was seen that Harry Payne Whitney had yielded to the solicitations of his friends and that the American ponies were numbered saddle cloths the same as those of the Englishmen, which added immeasurably to the pleasure of the game, as by these numerals it was possible to identify the players and to keep closer track of the men who were making the brilliant strokes which kept the stands seething as the thousands jumped to their feet to shout or to settle back again for a moment to rest.

These preliminaries were soon out of the way, and then the struggle began. For one hour and a half every mad gallop, every race down the field, every twist and turn compelled the attention of the pulsing crowd. The Englishmen were not to be caught unawares this time, and instead of being carried off their feet at a cost of three goals, as was the case in the first period of the opening game, they adopted the same policy and forced the fighting on their own account.

The first quick assault by the Americans was repelled, and the visitors rushed the ball down the field, forcing Devereux Milburn to make two remarkable saves to avoid a score. They



DEVEREUX MILBURN AND CAPTAIN LOCKETT IN MAD RACE FOR THE BALL.

kept right at it, however, and finally Captain Cheape shot a pretty goal just before the period ended.

The second chukker was equally hard fought, but neither team scored. The Americans, however, lost half a goal when Captain Whitney crossed one of the visitors, so that the third period opened with the score 1 to minus ½ in favor of Great Britain.

Americans Begin to Score.

The home team then woke up to the necessity of doing something, and one assault followed another, until finally Louis Stoddard shot a goal for his team in 4 minutes 33 seconds that set the crowd cheering like so many maniacs.

This was only the beginning of an even fiercer attack in the fourth period. Captain Ritson got clear for a run up the field shortly after play began, but missed a stroke at a most critical point, and back came the ball under a wild rush by the Americans, Stoddard driving it home in a little more than three minutes. This put the home team in front, and those in the stand nearly lost their reason when Stoddard hooked the ball out of the first throw in and, galloping off, shot another goal in something like twenty-two seconds. This put an entirely new complexion on the struggle, as the Americans left the field for half time with the score 2½ to 1 in their favor.

It did not take long, however, for the tide to turn. The Englishmen came out in the fifth period, and, riding like mad, fairly stormed the citadel of the home team and scored two goals so quickly that those in the stands could hardly believe their eyes. Captain Cheape drove a long one over in less than a minute, and then followed the example of Louis Stoddard in the previous period by hooking out the ball from the throw-in and scoring again in twenty seconds or so.

This roused the Americans to greater efforts, and for the rest of the period they took a turn at forcing the fight. Captain Lockett made one of his amazing saves by cutting the ball off just as it was dribbling over the line, but a moment later Captain Ritson was forced to make the safety which cost his team a quarter of a point, and, as it turned out, a chance to save the game. Just before the bell rang Milburn missed what looked like one of the easiest goals of the day when only twenty yards from the line, and with nobody to ride him off.

Thrills in Sixth Period.

The sixth period was the most sensational of the match, and the fastest, too, if such a thing may be said. The Englishmen started off with a rush, and Captains Lockett and Cheape both missed tries at goal before the latter drove the ball home. Another wild gallop followed, and F. M. Freake scored

'I've Never Seen Its Equal'-Whitney

United States, H. P. Whitney: "A great game and probably the closest ever played. I have never seen its equal. The score tells what a struggle it was."

Great Britain, Captain Ritson: "I am dead tired and can barely think or talk. It was a fair game and we did our best."

Captain E. D. Miller, manager of the Great Britain team: "I have nothing to say except that I am greatly disappointed. Oh, yes; we may challenge again. That will not be determined until our return."

The fifth goal for Great Britain in exactly three strokes from the throw-in. This made the score 4½ to 2½ against the United States, and the thousands began to get restless and foresee a

third game to settle possession of the trophy.

The Americans were far from beaten, however. Captain Whitney inspired his men to greater efforts by his own dashing play, and suddenly the stands were in a roar once more as Larry Waterbury broke away and shot a sensational goal in two strokes. Less than a minute later the home players again charged down the field and Stoddard drove the ball between the posts, making the score 4½ to 4½ in favor of the visitors.

The play in the seventh period was so fierce that Milburn was unhorsed and Captain Lockett was penalized half a point for crossing Waterbury in a way to make the latter throw his pony back on his haunches. This foul proved the undoing of the Englishmen, as it put the Americans in the lead by a quarter of a point—an advantage which was held to the end.

The excitement was intense as the

last period opened, and again it was bang, bang, bang, as the players fought their way up and down the field. The Americans made a brave assault, and three times failed to drive the ball home because of the wonderful defence of the visitors. Then the tide turned once more. The men from across the seas carried the ball up the field in an effort to snatch victory from defeat. Twice long shots missed the goal by hardly more than five feet, and then the fight came back to the middle of the field, where it was being waged in all its fury as the gong rattled out the end.

It may be years and years before another such battle is seen.

For detailed story of great polo struggle, with gathering of society and how the visitors did their part, SEE FIRST PAGE of Sporting Section.

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